

# WARTBURG STRUMPET

Wartburg College, Waverly, Iowa May 10, 1974



## Strumpet revives revival

### Bachmann revival revived

by Leonard Bauhs  
"No, This is Your Wife" was revived some time ago. The Strumpet, however, found the incident significant enough to revive again.

No one on the staff knew much about it except that it had reunited John W. Bachmann with his past and that some Trumpet reporter had covered it. So we dug the article up and, between that and a few cryptic newspapers and annuals, the revival was "covered."

And where do you come in? You're the third party in this thing—the one who is reading it with the understanding that it is good fun only—no one on the staff knew enough about John W. Bachmann to write any serious satire.

Otherwise, that is, without that understanding, you might misconstrue our motives for doing this thing. That would be ashame.

"No, This is Your Wife" was, indeed, more than a profusion of embarrassing anecdotes, despite the fact that no one planning the event knew much about John W. Bachmann except what a few cryptic newspapers and annuals could furnish.

The surprise farewell program included surprise appearances by Person John W. Bachmann, her two sons, and pictures and articles from a few cryptic newspapers and annuals. All that besides the profusion of embarrassing anecdotes.

The over-flow crowd was brought to the event, held in Buhr Lounge, under the pretext that a profusion of embarrassing anecdotes would be leveled at an important man whom, they were assured, would have liked them all had he not been so aloof and unconcerned.

John W. Bachmann must have noticed that the crowd was acting a little strangely, perhaps that

they were whispering "Who's he?", because in his opening remarks he repeated his little-known but often-repeated line used when referring to students' behavior, "That isn't unusual." This reporter supposes it's not.

THAT MIXTURE of confusion and aloofness permeated even the clouds of smoke thickening over several small groups of students.

John W. Bachmann's son, Wm. T. Anchormann, made his way to the stage where on the scene which is captured photographically some where on this page took place. This reporter sensed a feeling growing within himself that he was getting to know John W. Bachmann just a little bit better.

This reporter then left the program under the pretext of needing speedy passage to pick up a package-from-home from the Union Postal Office.

## Hot briefs

### Marathon--climax of year

Grossman Hall will sponsor a KWAR progressive Top 40 marathon as soon as restoration of the transmitting facilities is completed. The marathon will be conducted from 6:30 tonight until 2:30 Sunday morning. Because of the restrictive cost of fire insurance KWAR will end its broadcasting for the year following the marathon.

### Eat 'em up

Health Food line for 1974-75 school year will serve only natural foods. Sign up soon for either the bulk diet (rocks and gravel) or the soft diet (mud and sleet in season).

### Wiener-roast cancelled

Due to the illness of the station manager, KWAR-FM's weekly wiener-roast over the AP Teletype has been cancelled.

### Spike Moans to fill shortage

Grossman Hall will sponsor at least six more kegger dances yet this May Term to fill what "Spike" of "Spike Moans and His Band of Groans" calls the "music shortage." The cost for any of the six will be four dollars for men and five cents for persons, and "Spike Moans and His Band of Groans" will provide the music.

### 'Oh, come, come, come'

Anyone wishing to sing the National Anthem is invited to meet with Dave Doeropener at Sunday's celebration of the grace of God and His only begotten Son. Discussion of the sermon, entitled "Resisting Stereotypes," will be open following it. All jocks, freaks, Jesus people and straights are welcome.

### 'Thanks' from Foundation

The jars of the Save the Foundation have been collected from various places on campus. Thanks to all of you who donated. Many of you are probably wondering what became of the money.

## Editors note:

Another May term, another Strumpet, another bunch out of History of Satire Seminar content that they've demonstrated that they've done more for their college credit than lounge in bean-bag chairs feigning interest.

There was a serious effort made (can you believe it?) to avoid being overly pretentious, whatever that means, while offering what is hoped to be a humorous look (hardly synonymous with "satire," but...) at ourselves and many others associated with Wartburg college. We think it's healthy to do that at least once a year.

Despite what we think of the content and value, of this thing, we feel certain it will be the most thoroughly read issue of the year's Wartburg Trumpet, by students and members of the Wartburg community alike—perhaps the first issue read! Congratulations!!!!

## Resignation announced

### Becky Bell wrings free

Trumpet Editor-in-Chief Becky Bell announced her resignation effective some time ago, some time ago.

"This was a hard decision to make," Person Bell said. "I've had a wonderful term as editor. It is my hope that this resignation will give someone else a chance to experience this learning experience experientially."

Person Bell, appointed editor some time ago after Bill Gibson's resignation and eventual take-over of KWAR, was the first individual to hold that editorship after Bill Gibson, the first fresh-individual in Wartburg's long journalism history to hold the editorship before Becky Bell.

"I wish to express my sincere thanks to my advisor, Robert C. Gremmels, and to Wartburg College for leading me through the rough times and the good," Person Bell said. "This experience has truly been experiential."

"Working with a small but enormously skilled staff," said Gremmels, "Person Bell has consistently come out with the best issues of the Trumpet since I



Becky Bell: "This experience has truly been experiential."

was the editor of it, and that was some time ago."

Besides her Trumpet editorship, Person Bell also edited the Page and changed it into a daily campus publication, thus pleasing Gremmels immensely.

"I've wanted it that way since I can remember," said Gremmels, "and that was some time ago."

Applications for the editor's position of the Trumpet for next fall are now long over-due since sophomore Dennis Harrington has already been appointed. An application was submitted, however, by Bill Gibson yesterday afternoon.

"I put a lot of time and energy into Neumann House," Gibson said. "I want it back."





**Hassles  
passed on  
like  
'dusty burro'**

## SPB speaks

Is it really possible that my one year of sharing my time and cozy office with you is over? It truly baffles me. I only wish that I could jam-pack every wonderful moment of this past year into my frustratingly finite mind (or anyway into my scrapbook).

Can one face the futility of such efforts with anything but a stiff upper lip, realizing we are but travelers in time and space and that change is a part of the fantastic voyage?

One would think that I'd be "jumping for joy" over the prospects of that change, for verily the office of Student Pody President is heavy laden with hassles and details, hassles and details that take up so "darn" much time, hassles and details that'll be passed on like a dusty

burro. I can see where one might even think that the silly sneer on my face is because I'm passing on a dusty burro or something, but it's not—I was just posing.

I sometimes considered disregarding the whole kit-and-caboodle but then I'd admit to myself that that just wouldn't be right. And I'm glad that I chose to stick pretty much to the hassles and details of my office, even tho it meant that I never got on T.V.

Yet, I am proud of the varied activities in which my colleagues in the senate have been involved, tho the hassles and details of my office served to render me inaccessible to help much. The office did bring me in contact with some really exciting people: Administrators, Regents, Faculty persons and even a

handful of students. Those contacts added immeasurably to my concept of what Wartburg is and what I might be like some day.

Of the two, the office and I, I'm sure I have changed more. I recapture an elating moment of my term of office in my mind and can see what a difference it has made in me. I'm sure there was at least one of them.

Anyway, as the swift hand of time gently nudges me on and I rid myself of the "dusty burro," I wish once more to thank all my friends and acquaintances for all the big and little things they may have added to my year and I hope that I added something to theirs, too.

John Bunge

(Translated from the original Greek by Jim Dello)

Being a mock-pseudo-quasi-self-effacing, self-hating, not very good critic of sorts (just so you know how humble I am) and also trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent (despite my basic tenet that nothing is sacred. Well, nothing is sacred!), I feel that I am qualified to tell you in the most polysyllabic clichés that I can squeeze out of William F. Buckley that no matter what you want to know I can tell you about it.

This is true (yea, verily!) because I am an admitted sophist (and a committed schizophrenic) who takes all knowledge for my province. It is not generally

known that I carry a complete collection of the "New York Times" with me everywhere on microfilm, and also that 5 cassette recordings of the complete speeches of Woody Allen are stored in the hollow heels of my elevator tennis shoes.

In case you are wondering, (you can't fool me, I know you are wondering, while at this very moment my prose is wandering.) the real reason I have spent two paragraphs without telling you what I'm going to tell you is because I don't even know until I get there. I just start typing and if I think of something worth writing I usually throw it out and start over again.

The issue, to reiterate, is that some leftist conservative, commie, John Bircher, has ac-

cused me of paying Henry Beard of "National Lampoon" to write my columns for me. It's not true. I wouldn't pay Henry a nickel for the stuff that I steal.

So, now that I have reasserted my probity in the matter and hopefully bridged the intellectual schizm in this nebulous affair, I will let it go at that.

My sole comfort is in the fact that in doing this cruel satire on me, Jim Dello has unwittingly parodied himself as well. Don't ask me how, I'm not that metaphysical. But at least I write about things worth writing about.

Next week: Your roving columnist reports on a look inside Dante's Inferno. (So keep that page in your scrapbook vacant, kiddies!)

**'No matter  
what  
you want  
to know  
I can tell you  
about it'**



## Free liar zone

by Dennis Herringbone

# Open Forum

## Fallacies in nat. anthem no fault of song itself

I heartily concur with the opinion of the many that the Student Senate's functions should remain within the guidelines prescribed in the U.S. constitution, the Bible and the student handbook. It is without a doubt that that body was not doing so during the recent abolishment of the ceremonial singing of the national anthem by the many.

Any argument condemning the

anthem for glorifying violent aspects of American history is unrealistically presumptuous.

The song, for heaven's sake, was written at the height of a battle during the primitive years of war mongering. This song portrays the valiant tenacity with which the nation maintained its offense against this and other adversaries, both external and internal, before anyone had even heard of over-kill, napalm or the

CIA.

OUR GOVERNMENT has seldom been easily maintained. It has almost always been wrestled for by the powers wanton to oppression and political dominance. If this is what our history entails, it should be remembered, for we are but helpless clods in the hands of politicians and corporations.

When history is covered over merely because some people dislike certain aspects of it, it is the first step toward governmental manipulation by the populus. (If the government can be manipulated who's to take the responsibility for all the stupid things this country does?) Sure, memories of Hitler's concentration camps are horrid, but so's this. I wish we could reach a happy medium.

MAYBE THERE ARE some "fallacies" in the song, but it's no fault of the song itself that such misnomers as "land of the free" and "home of the brave" were included within its lines.

Tell me—are any people in any country in the world free? Hell, no. So, if there's no example of what "free" actually means, why not call this the "land of the free?" (I'm not going to try to rationalize "home of the brave"—

I guess we'll just have to put up with that. If we discarded everything in this country which was bull shit then you'd really see the garbage unions striking for higher wages.)

As for no longer "articulating the ideals of Wartburg students," what can you expect when no one has any ideals, goals or even a slight whim of an interest in anything?

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM is, to me, one of the last reminders that this was once a proud nation

run by crooked politicians who were smart enough to get caught less often than these dumb clucks we have running around today. I'm kinda fond of the flag, too. It reminds me of the time I got loaded and saw "Hair."

The singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" is really a harmless act—no one claims to be able to kill communists by singing it—so, come on, be a bunch of sports and don't rock the boat—it scares me.

David A. Thelle

## Wartburg Strumpet

Published yearly during the May term. Confined to campus this year out of fear and paranoia. The views expressed within belong to someone, if you can believe that. Founded in 1973 as a History of Satire Seminar project.

Editor-in-chief . . . . . Leonard Bauhs

Big Helpers . . . . . Liz Nielsen, R. P. Flessner

Satire Seminar Members . Arlin Adams, Alan Bloemke, Mark Dawson, R. P. Flessner, Judy Gochlke, Bob Helgeson, Ed Mueller, Liz Nielsen, Ruth Walker

Others . . . . . Jim Dello, Gerry Grubb, Kurt Ullrich

Adult Supervision . . . . . K. D. Briner

## New 'real kill' replaces old

As I glance through yet another edition of the Page, I see yet another ad that reads, "\$50 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anyone you suspect of being connected with drugs."

One of my favorite lines used to be: "Nobody takes those seriously," adding, "I hope," in mock-serious voice. It was a real kill.

Now I recall those times and giggle. I know now that I was dumb. Experience has taught me that certain deranged individuals

(probably the same ones who sing the national anthem) will actually answer that type of ad. I sympathize with those whose experience with that type of person is a little more first-hand.

It has served as a learning experience for many people. So does walking thru Clinton these days and noticing that only the unhealthy smells of sweat suits and beer farts fill the hallways and stairways. Its a real kill.

(name withheld upon request)



# Pre-natality and Abortion seminar coming

Abortion--sometimes some people come into a situation involving it, regardless of whether they're moms, dads, pregnant persons or their sexual partners.

Two events, to be held here in conjunction with the topic, will attempt to deal with questions and dogmatic answers concerning pre-natality and abortion. A three-day "Conception, Pre-natality and Abortion" seminar, arranged by the Human Issues and Morality Committee, will encompass an "Abort! Abort!" convocation-conference to be held sometime within the three days.

**SENIOR PERSON** Kathy Mossdale, coordinator of the seminar explained, "Sometimes some people come into a situation involving abortion, regardless of whether they're moms, dads, pregnant persons, or their sexual partners. Participation in this seminar may help make the confrontation of involved parties

a less fearful thing."

A packet of material concerning conception, pre-natality and abortion will be available without charge to adults and at a cost of \$3.50 to other participants.

**THE SEMINAR WILL OPEN** with Arrita Burnbridge, an area abortion coordinator, discussing "Life in a Stuffy Womb" at 10 a.m. in the conference room of the Union. A slide presentation, "Put Your Knitting Needles Away," by home-economist Janice Bruhl will take place from 1-2:30 p.m. in the conference room, followed by a discussion of Facts of Pre-natal Life-If You Could Call It That, Roger Snortz' first non-pornographic reference manual.

Sophomore Karen Gooditch and freshman Nick Blanke will present a poetry reading. Among others, "Oh, where, oh, where has my little boy gone," will be read.

**THE "ABORT! ABORT!"**

convocation-conference will fill the second day of the seminar.

"This conference aims to meet a need which is most strongly felt at certain times, the need to face the reality that sometimes some people come into situations involving abortion, regardless of whether they're moms, dads, pregnant persons or their sexual playthings," said David "Grace" Doeropener, another coordinator. "It is designed to help equip one to be helpful to the bereaved and to assist moms and dads in handling the situation."

More than 987,000 registrations have already been received for the conference so students can forget about anticipating any decent seating.

**DR. ELISABETH KUEBLER UTEROSS**, co-director of the Uteross Medical Association, will speak at convocation following the 8:15 a.m. registration and after-breakfast chit-chat on "Why not?"

The convocation address, "And Then What--Process or Toss?", will be open to adults without charge and to others for \$2.50 at 10:30 a.m. with a question and answer period beginning at 11:30.

Dr. Kuebler Uteross will also open the afternoon, speaking on "When You're in the Abortion Business You Meet Some of the Nicest People" at 1:30, followed by another question-answer period, a discussion of abortion and "street talk" jargon, and finally an audience dialogue with six freshly aborted fetuses. All sessions will be held in Neumann Auditorium.

Dr. Kuebler Uteross is internationally known for her ability to help "break the ice" in dialogues between audiences and freshly aborted fetuses and is the author-person of a bed-side "must," You, Him and It. She has also been a consultant for the Davis Lighthouse for the Half-Blind, the Peace Corps and some Lutheran Theological Seminary.

**THURSDAY'S PROGRAM** is geared toward pregnant persons, according to person Mossdale. Included will be presentations by (1) John C. Mahd, social services coordinator of the Area 31 Abortion Agency in Waterloo, "The Area 31 Abortion Agency," 10-11:30 a.m., (2) Linda I. Miller, internal director of the Iowa Commission on Abortion, in Des Moines, "Iowa Commission of Abortion, in Des Moines," 1-2:30 p.m., and (3) Edith Auster, coordinator of Old Buddies, New Buddies program in Waverly, "Fostering New Friendships," 3-4:30 p.m. All will be delivered in the Conference Room.

Waverly attorney Gerry Doveia will give a talk entitled, "Everything You Want to Know About the Law Before You Have It Done," from 3-4:30 p.m. in Fuchs Lounge.

A display of photographs, relating to the topic, "Aborted Fetuses That Couldn't Cope," will be displayed in Engelbrecht Library throughout the week.

## What is a 'black'?

by 'Kid' Bean



What is a "black?" For two and a half years I've attended Wartburg and at least several times daily I've heard the term "black" used in a derogatory manner.

In fact, when I agreed to go on a chittlin and watermelon diet as part of an independent study in the social work department, I was chided by all but approximately fifty people of the campus for "selling out." Selling out for what, or to whom, was never made clear to me.

My question is: is there such a thing as a "black?" If a "black" is defined as someone who "eats watermelon, sleeps in the bush, and lives among chicken bones," then I can't understand putting one down. After all, Wartburg is not supposed to be a "conformist box" is it? There should be room for such innovative and individual life-styles.

If everything the "blacks" do was shunned by the "anti-black" element, I could perhaps understand this phenomenon. I could possibly acknowledge why such shady relations exist. But I see "blacks" and "anti-blacks" mingling--in classrooms, at basketball games, and especially at the familiar off-campus hang-out down the avenue, Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Since no other explanation seems logical, I have developed a theory. I think most "anti-blacks" are really frustrated "blacks." I believe most of them have been exposed to the dark side of life in earlier years, struggled with it, and are now just a wee bit envious of their fellow brothers and sisters who are good enough "blacks" to make it tuition-free (with a special week each year emphasizing their "blackness") on the college level.

I therefore challenge you inside-out Oreos to either peel off the cream and gather up your freckles, or defend yourselves by answering me. Until then, I stand barefoot by my convictions.

## Negotiations with -inaudible- cause of lengthy vacancy

Spokesindividuals for the Board of Regents announced Wednesday that the long presidential vacancy has arisen because of "delicate negotiations."

"I can tell you this much," the spokesindividual said, "that the candidate with whom we're negotiating delicately has all the necessary academic qualifications. He's an outstanding fund-raiser."

It was also revealed that the Board of Regents had hoped that the candidate would bring with

him an entire management and fund-raising team. Negotiations have become complicated because, according to the spokesindividual, several members of his team have been "unexpectedly detained."

"Be assured," he added, "that this man can bring Wartburg a generation of funds. This is the President, make no mistakes about that."

"We will wait for our man if it takes three more years. We know he'd never leave Wartburg to twist slowly, slowly in the wind."

## 'Most Instigative Trumpet Story' award awarded to Bauhsnev

Firsts deserve seconds. That's why there's a Strumpet in front of your face.

Another "first" that bears repeating is that of establishing a "first." This year's Strumpet "first" (last year's was the publication of last year's Strumpet) is an award, an award that's awarded to the "Most Instigative Trumpet Story of the Decade."

**LAST YEAR**, while some people were getting upset about silly things that appeared in the Strumpet like silly crossword puzzles and silly letters-to-the-editor, a small but powerful group of people was getting upset about something small yet powerful.

It's ironical that the single quote, the one that sets the story above all other Trumpet stories

of the last ten years, is but a simple admission of something that everyone knew anyway.

The quote is from the story on Wartburg's (then) new head football coach, Don Canfield, and reads as follows:

"Wartburg has a unique factor in that it's financially related to the American Lutheran Church and its local affiliates and that the Church still allows this though the college has long since permeated a Christian ethic to academics and its athletic program. This is fortunate so far as athletes as well as students are concerned."

**NOW, SIT BACK AND** consider the rumors of last fall that the

ALC was going to "crack down," the raids, busts and jailings of students after Christmas, and all the trouble that our athletes, our jocks, have gotten into this spring (as well as last winter), consider all that in this new light--the light irradiating from the "Most Instigative Trumpet Story of the Decade!"

The quote in the story in the Strumpet was written by Leonard Bauhsnev, a two-year senior, who'll receive a copy of the Anthology of the First Millennium of "Most Instigative Trumpet Story of the Decade," scheduled to hit the presses sometime next millennium.

Bauhsnev sent some little-known author of little-known dime-a-dozen sci-fi thrillers in his place to receive a plaque which reads: "Nice Going, Leonard"--that in lieu of the anthology.

## 'Annual winter wakeup'

## Arson results in increased mail handling capacity

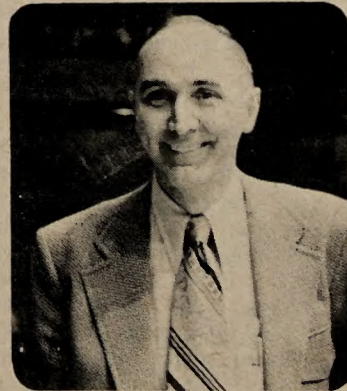
A change in the size of the mail slot in the Union Postal Office is one direct consequence of the fire which gutted several envelopes earlier this year.

"The letter slot," said Student Union Director Lewis J. Levick, "is now large enough to handle small packages."

Postal authorities and the state fire marshall recommended that the opening be sanded and varnished and Levick said the refurbishing was almost complete.

"There's one little corner," said Levick, "that's playing hard to get, but by next fall it should be as good as new."

**THE DAMAGE** to the mail slot was first noticed by a volunteer fireman who was on the scene to put out the fire. Having chopped his way through the mailboxes on



**Lewis Levick: "One little corner is playing hard to get."**

the east side of the postal office, the fireman immediately recognized the flames shooting from the soon to be gutted envelopes as "damaging flames." I've been with the volunteers

for about three years now," he said, "and my nose for these things has naturally become more keener."

**LITTLE DAMAGE** was done to the mail room itself, but the mail slot was definitely damaged. The slot, which was once a slim one by six inches, now measures a full three by four.

"These things happen," agreed Security Officer Bud Potter and Student Affairs director James Moy. "One can hardly doubt that."

Moy outlined the college policy concerning fires and mail slots as set forth in the Student Handbook.

"Fires near mail slots," reads the handbook, "will probably gut a few envelopes, and should, without exceptions, be avoided whenever possible."



# 'Realism at Wartburg' seen in \$ million grant

To silence the rumors circulating throughout the greater Waverly metropolitan area, the Wartburg Board of Regents, along with a community planning panel recently released decisions concerning the allocation of the recently acquired million dollar "higher education" grant.

As previously announced, this grant was awarded to Wartburg in recognition of recent social work curriculum breakthroughs. The funding carries only the stipulation that it in some way aid this innovative facet of the Wartburg learning community. In a presentation given yesterday in Neumann Auditorium by the Board of Regents a three point program was outlined.

POINT ONE to be stressed is

entitled "Realism in Education." This point will include moving the Booker Jackson family along with their two story ghetto home from its present location in northern Minneapolis to a site in the center of the Wartburg Campus. Unexpected difficulties arose when the eight Jackson boys refused to move unless Wartburg also acquired the North Side Boys' Club.

A location between Engelbrecht Library and Knight's Gymnasium is being studied for this addition.

When questioned, both football coach Canfield and basketball coach Levick smiled broadly and spoke in terms of "one recruiting problem out of the way."

Roy's Diner has promised Mr. Jackson a position behind the counter. When questioned about

his future partner, head chef Roy muttered something about an "egg cheese with soul." The cash flow from this occupation will allow Mr. Jackson to continue payments on his 1973 El Dorado.

POINT TWO is entitled "Realism in Cost." This program calls for studies to assure no unforeseen cost overruns. Up to this point the only known extras include replacement of windows in the boys' club which have been freely perforated with BB and .22 shots. Occasional rock and bottle damage is also apparent.

Thought was given to repainting the Jackson home with a lead free paint to insure safe eating for the Jackson baby. However, this plan was abandoned when the title word of "realism" was stressed.

Merle Funky has already submitted a proposal to aid with cost overruns. He was asked exactly what his proposal would include.

"First, it would mean an additional ten dollar charge per student tuition," he replied. "This will cover the great cultural interchange available."

"I also had in mind guided tours through the Jackson home. It would be a fascinating lesson on how the other color lives. We could charge twenty-five cents a ticket or fifty if we wanted to pull in some profit. I really think it would go over."

It has been rumored also that Mrs. Jackson may sell the family recipe for BBQ ribs to a local restaurateur. The regents said that further probes into problems and possibilities will be made.

THE FINAL POINT is entitled, "Realism in Community Outlook." This point remains vague with the only problem being a dispute over what to do with the spray-painted obscenities on both the Jackson home and boys' club gymnasium.

Chaplain David Doeropener favored sandblasting them off. He argued, "This is a Lutheran school, you know."

In event that sandblasting proved inoperative, Doeropener suggested that the walls be repainted with "expletive deleted."

"How could we come and be with all those obscenities around?" he asked. "This is a community problem, so all of you jocks, freaks, and regular Joe College people should drop by for breakfast while we talk it over."

## New BGS degree offers recourse for apathetic

The addition of a degree for the coming academic years, the "new B.G.S." degree, was announced Wednesday by Ronald Matthias, Dean of Faculty.

The Bachelor of General Specializations degree is designed to meet the needs of those students who wish to pursue concentrations in a more generalized way with less attention paid to requirements. This alternative, where student responsibility for structuring his own educational program is optional, is intended for the passive, indifferent student who views the program and its consequences in the same light.

A student who elects to seek the B.G.S. degree should try to understand that additional work

will sometime in his life be required if he chooses to do something.

In order to be admitted as a candidate for the B.G.S. degree a student must:

- (1) consent
- (2) submit evidence of academic standing
- (3) pay

In reference to the "new B.G.S.," Dean Matthias noted that Wartburg is a "peculiar malady" offering students numerous routes from which to pick a "cure." Matthias stressed, however, that some students' maladies are more malignant than usual. For these cases, it is hoped that the "new B.G.S." degree will provide a suitable answer.

## Rituals to 'impress' resonating Chrysalii

Celebration of the ancient rituals of the Bractow Indians of East Los Angeles will culminate a term's Chrysalis negotiated study next Wednesday evening, according to Herman Diers, who aided in the study.

Known about Wartburg Hall for his fondness of "resonance," Diers feels the celebration will be an "excellent way" to conclude the negotiated study which was entitled, "Profound Influences on the Mystical Side of Man's Unconscious Delvings to Pull Things Together into a Resonating Fruitbowl of Knowledge."

"Learning by doing and learning by resonating will go hand-in-hand in a truly dramatic way," said Diers. "The Sacred Vibrations of the Universal Mind will impress all who partake in the celebration."

Dating from pre-Vietnam days, the history of the Bractow Indians stretches to April 19, 1972, when all three were arrested for selling stolen Sears-Roebuck belts on a street corner in Berkeley, California. The tiny

tribe claimed that the belts held the "Sacred Vibrations of the Universal Mind."

When one of the special belts is drawn tightly around one's neck the meaning of life surfaces in the mind of that individual. After a couple of minutes surroundings appear to "swirl in strange currents and eddies."

Bractow leader, Ralph Abdul Yamareshi Two-Feather Jones, once claimed to have experienced a vision while celebrating the ritual in which large colorful letters spelled "Oshkosh." The money earned from selling the belts was to have been used on bus tickets to the "Mecca" of the Bractows, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, where it's believed "The Great Vibration," itself, dwells.

Admission for the campus-wide celebration, scheduled for 8 p.m. in the Wartburg Hall t.v. lounge, will be 50 cents to cover the cost of renting the special belts for the night. A doctor will attend in case of "difficulties."



Last year's Strumpet contained a story dealing (no pun intended) with a drug-education program conducted by a mythical, non-existent member of what President Nixon calls the "peace forces." Unfortunately some readers were offended and did not see the piece as harmless good fun. In an effort to soothe the ruffled feathers and make sure that no offense is given to any member of the law-enforcement profession, the editors have decided that this issue will contain no reference, joking or otherwise, to that noble calling. We hope all our readers, from the smallest to the biggest, will applaud our restraint.

## New course, release of test hopeful appeals from dept.

"To accommodate those students uncertain of the value of P. E. 2000," the physical education department released a sample copy Monday of the first test of that course that will be given next fall.

P. E. 2000, "Introduction to Mental, Emotional, Social and Physical Anguish," will be offered for the first time next fall and repeated three and four-ninths times yearly under the department's fraction system, according to John Kurtt, head of the P. E. Department.

"It is our hope," said Kurtt, "that 'Introduction to Mental, Emotional, Social and Physical Anguish' will offer P. E. majors an attractive alternative to 'Non-Judeo-Christian Weight Reduction' which is now required."

The P. E. 2000 true/false test will read as follows:

1) The majority of some people have more cardiac deterioration during early-to-late middle age than during middle-to-late early old age.

2) Unless enervation deprivation occurs or either the impulse stimulus is abbreviated, the efferent neuron message interrupted, acetylcholine diffuses into the motor endplate and depolarizes the muscle fibers too quickly, or the threshold potential is not approximated, the muscles will contract and an isometric exercise has not been done.

3) Foundation exercises are exercises on which any exercise program should be built.

4) One of the principal differences between an excellent and a mediocre physical

education teacher is that the mediocre teacher is concerned only with the mechanical aspects of a certain skill (note question 2), whereas the excellent teacher is concerned not only with the physical learning situation and its concomitants, but also with how the learner reacts to the "whole" situation--mental, emotional, social and physical--as can be measured by questions like this one in tests like this one given by teachers like me.

Mr. Kurtt suggested that this release of the sample test will be the first of several attempts at improving the department.

"Besides offering the new course and releasing the sample test," said Kurtt, "we'll also try to 'clean-up' intramural sport competition, making it not only more fun but more appealing to health and safety nuts."



## Nothing to it - -

# Ombudsindividuals claim good intentions

Where could a student have gone this past year if he had had a gripe about profs, financial aid, health services, or even food?

Three Student Senate ombudsindividuals, junior Mark Wilson, senior Mary B. Schoenborn and junior Mike Esterday existed this year especially for that purpose.

This year's ombudsindividuals had planned to keep up on developments in their respective fields so that they could explain reasons for problems better or bridge communication gaps, according to Wilson, ex-head ombudsindividual.

**UNFORTUNATE THO IT WAS,** Wilson said administrators would have been more apt to listen to appointed ombudsindividuals than to other students had any of them wanted to say anything.

Having considered the possible consequences, this year's Senate ombudsindividuals had intended to relate more directly with students in helping with personal problems. They'd also hoped that people would get to know them since it would have been so easy to get in touch with them at any time, not just during restrictive office hours.

Wilson could have been reached at 408 3rd Street N.W., or called at 352-4184. Person Schoenborn could have been contacted at Cornils, Room 11, Ext. 345, and Esterday at Cornils, Room 4, Ext. 378. All this information was printed in a Trumpet story of last fall.



"I had big hopes of seeing students actively using an active ombudsindividual service." Mark Wilson, head ombudsindividual (center, Mike Esterday—left, Mary B. Schoenborn—right)

"I'd wanted people to feel free to contact us if they had any questions or problems," said Wilson.

**THE OMBUDSINDIVIDUALS** had wanted to operate on two levels, those being individual and general.

On the individual level, they had intended to talk to professors

or administrators in an attempt to get to the root of students' individual problems.

Secondly, they'd planned to act, as Wilson had termed it, as "watchdogs," investigating areas of general concern that students might not have asked about but which may have been important to the student body as a whole.

They were going to keep students informed by reporting any findings in this area.

Wilson, who was ombudsindividual for financial aids, had hoped to clarify problems pertaining to financial aids for students who felt they were being treated unfairly. He'd wanted to deal with such problems as on-campus jobs and salaries.

**PERSON SCHOENBORN**, ombudsindividual for health and food services, had hoped to make known to students what health services were available.

She'd intended to try to make it easier for students to obtain information on such subjects as birth control. In addition, she said she would have attempted to answer questions students might have asked about health benefits and food services.

"I even offered to be open to complaints," she said.

Esterday, who was academic ombudsindividual, had hoped to be able to "iron out" difficulties between students and faculty on things like grading and discrimination.

He'd also planned to report on happenings in Chrysalis, happenings which he'd have felt the general student body would've liked to have known about.

"I thought that students would want to be informed about academic opportunities such as student-initiated courses of May Term classes that they might not have been aware of," he said.

**IN THE PAST** few years, students did not make great use of ombudsindividuals, and Wilson had hoped for an improvement this year in both services and aid.

"There was some criticism last year that ombudsindividuals weren't available and people didn't know who they were," he said. "I had big hopes last fall of seeing students actively using an active ombudsindividual service. Some how things just didn't work out."

## Better late than never

### Mathematics-religion society to study unusual correlation

Topic of the July Commutative Addition Gathering was announced yesterday by Chaplin David Doeropener.

Doeropener said, "We will examine the correlation between quadratic equations and the writings of the 4th-century populist philosopher Padre Apathy."

"**PEOPLE TEND TO BE** somewhat dogmatic when it comes to this topic," he continued. "A few obscenities may even pop-up from time to time—that's okay. We, the Jesus-freak, God-squad, Bible-banging element believe in free expression knowing that God won't strike us down—he'll just wait until we're dead and then settle it."

Guidelines will be offered during the meeting, according to Doeropener, guidelines that are "designed to help you get right with God."

"You just can't move on to larger problems until you have your own head together," said Doeropener, adding that that might be viewed as an "escapist philosophy."

"**AND OF COURSE** it is just that," he went on. "I was sent here by ITT, General Motors and Exxon to discourage students from protesting about national

issues. They could really be in trouble if students cared."

"We've made some real progress, too," Doeropener added. "Students are going crazy about disillusionment."

Further details concerning the July meeting will be posted at a later date.

Commutative Addition is

Wartburg's new mathematical and religious society. Ever since its debut after Christmas vacation, its numbers have been multiplying steadily. Several serious divisions have apparently had little effect on its growth. The present membership is only a fraction of what Doeropener said he expects by the end of the year.

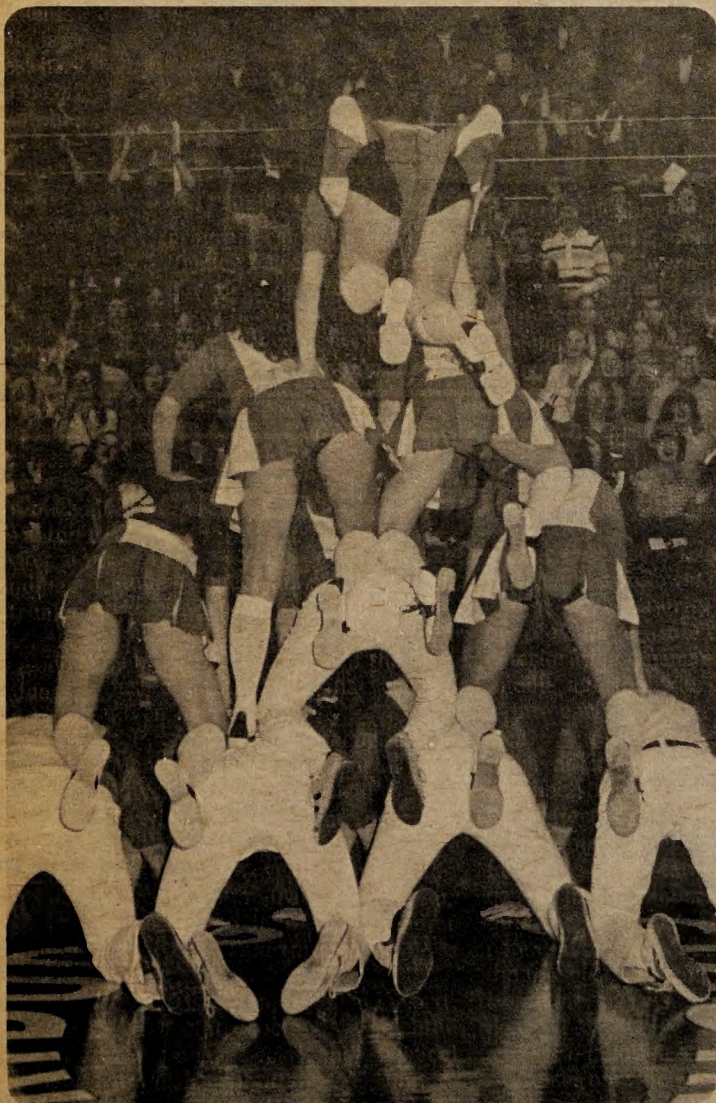
## Poo to critics, McGod 'in tune'

By DIM JELLO

America's effete corps of pseudo-intellectual snobs are always puzzled by the appeal of Rod McGod's poems, most recently by Little Puddles of Erotic Barf. Certainly, the poet's past is not that of the conventional academic and literary hero. From the time his family was adopted by a Korean War refugee, McGod has seen the seamy side of life.

Yet in the magic of his poetry he has learned to transform what could have been a painful, bitter experience into heart-warming pathos. His first job, that of a caddy at a miniature golf course, thus becomes the plaintive lament, "When will society get its thumb out of my ear." And without his early, unrequited love for an aging nun, he could never have written the tender "I can't even love myself, cuz when I lay on my back I get tears in my ears from cryin' over you."

So let the critics sneer. Here is a poet truly in tune with the peristaltic rhythms of modern life.



Have you ever wondered what one of these looks like to our opponents?



# Psych major: 'Socket to me' more than dumb cliché

Resulting from his breakthrough in psychological research, psychology major Sigmund Krankheit has been invited to read his paper to the quarterly conference of the Upper Midwest Symposium of Rat Runners and Flatworm Grinders.

Krankheit discussed his research and paper, entitled "Variable Differentials in Electro-Galvano-Tropic Skin Response Among Sexually Excited Human Males," during an interview with the Strumpet.

When the Strumpet writer located Krankheit, he was wired to a training device which gives him an electric shock each time he picks his nose. Disengaging both his electrodes and his right forefinger, Krankheit offered these observations:

STRUMPET: I suppose with a name like yours it's not surprising you're interested in psychology.

KRANKHEIT: That's right. Not many people know that Krankheit is German for "disease," or "dis-function," as I prefer to think of it.

STRUMPET: Well, neither did I; actually I was thinking of Sigmund.

KRANKHEIT: I don't get it. STRUMPET: You know--Freud.

KRANKHEIT: Oh, Freud. Wasn't he that European Jew who had some weird thing about his mother?

STRUMPET: Right. Tell me about your research.

KRANKHEIT: What I did was wire up some guys on Friday afternoons and then record changes in their Electro-Galvano-Tropic Skin Responses during the weekend. The term is hard to remember, so I've made up a simple sentence as a mnemonic aid. Just remember that "Every Gradient Tropic Synergizes Retroactively," and you have it: E-G-TSR.

STRUMPET: What does the term mean?

KRANKHEIT: E-G-TSR is the amount of electric current moving over the skin. I found that that current reaches a maximum during times of sexual excitement.

STRUMPET: Aren't your subjects inhibited by the wires?

KRANKHEIT: No. They know the wires are there for science. They also know I'm there reading the dials for the same reason.

STRUMPET: What makes your discovery important?

KRANKHEIT: Well, I wouldn't want this to get around, but it may be the last psychological experiment we'll ever have to do.

STRUMPET: How's that?

KRANKHEIT: Do you know about behaviorists and humanists?

STRUMPET: Only lurid rumors.

KRANKHEIT: Well, see they think people have minds and personalities and something else--damnit, I've got it right on the tip of my tongue--oh yeah, souls. Imagine. Anyway, we think people are machines--or more

accurately, computers. You run in a program, hit the right button, and out comes the stuff you want.

STRUMPET: What does that have to do with E-G-TSR?

KRANKHEIT: Humanists say that we can have the mind--they don't seem to use theirs much anyway--but they understand feelings. So I asked myself, what's the logic of sex as systemic behavior motivated by feelings?

STRUMPET: You'll have to explain.

KRANKHEIT: It's simple.

You're a computer, right? Right. So I want to know, how were you programmed to "get it on," as they say in unscientific parlance.

STRUMPET: What did you find out?

KRANKHEIT: The systemic nature of it is clear. Ask yourself: what is the output if feeling is the input?

STRUMPET: Sexual activity?

KRANKHEIT: Right. Every time I start feeling I start thinking about sex. We might note a gender differential in the programming here. If feeling is

the initial input, then for the male, input leads to almost immediate output.

STRUMPET: I have that problem too.

KRANKHEIT: For the female, input leads to input which is really her output.

STRUMPET: That's too technical for me. But suppose you're right. So what?

KRANKHEIT: Don't you see? We behaviorists are right. Man is just like any other machine. He runs on current, and gets turned on by getting plugged in.

## Officials: 'Tape-recorded voice is Bud's'

### Potter: 'I have changed--grown'

A tape recording found among Security Office mail Wednesday has added a new dimension to the Cannie Potter kidnapping of two months ago.

The tape-recorded voice, identified by campus officials as that of Potter, declared that he (supposedly Potter) has renounced his position as campus security officer and that he has joined his kidnappers as a revolutionary.

Potter, whose life had been held in demands of millions of dollars in free marijuana for the poor, said in the tape, "I have changed--grown. I've become conscious and can never go back to the life I led before."

THE TAPED DECLARATION came one day after a sign that his

release by the Addicts Liberation Army (ALA) appeared imminent.

"Individually, I don't believe it," said Potter's secretary, having heard the tape. "We have had him eight months; they've had him only two. I don't believe he's going to change his philosophy that quickly or that radically."

"But if it was his choice to become a member of an organization like this, we still love him."

On the tape, which also carried death threats by the ALA against three so-called "enemies of the addicts," Mr. Potter said he was speaking his own mind and had chosen to "stay and take."

HIS FREEDOM is no longer a matter of negotiation, since, in

the words of an ALA leader (also contained within the recording), "Bud is free to leave at any time he wants."

A typed transcript and a color photograph accompanied the tape recording. The photograph showed Potter holding an automatic rifle resembling his campus security weapon standing in front of a banner bearing the seven-stemmed pipe, symbol of the ALA.

"There is no further need to discuss Bud's release," said the voice identified as an ALA leader, "since he is now a comrade and has been accepted into the token's army. He may leave whenever he feels that he wishes to do so--he is supplied and perfectly willing to deal."

## Dr. Flunk, paramedian after-bodies provide second 'catch'

by Leonard Bauhs

Here I am again. Somewhere. Actually I'm beginning this thing in my off-campus apartment sometime just after one in the morning, the day after May-basket Day. I didn't get any--May-baskets--didn't give any either. It completely slipped my mind. Somehow.

Traditions like that have lost their meaning to me. You know, things like Christmas, Dean's lists and graduation. I can understand their having value, but only for their utility (they give us something to think about).

WHAT I'M GONNA DO here is write a parody on my own story, the one headlined "Frosting on cake ruins 'fair' division problem," the one that no one read. A couple of Wartburg math professors appreciated it: one of the Waltmanns even sent it to Dr. Fink, the ISU professor who'd presented the "fair" division problem in the first place. Haven't heard anything--that kinda disappoints me.

THIS ARTICLE is a bitch! For the other one (the one already written, printed and not read) I simply responded to a real problematic situation (pun intended). In this one I'm making it all up--that's the stinger.

HERE'S THE SITUATION: Dr. Flunk, of the ISU math department, was interested in the

p a r a m e d i a n A F T E R - B O D I E S															
	Sp	Sa	Sr	Sa	Sm	Se	Sc	Si	Sa	Sn					
	Ep	Ea	Er	Ea	Em	Ee	Ec	Ei	Ea	En					
	Ip	Ia	Ir	Ia	Im	Ie	Ic	Ii	Ia	In					
	Dp	Da	Dr	Da	Dm	De	Dc	Di	Da	Dn					
	Op	Oa	Or	Oa	Om	Oe	Oc	Oi	Oa	On					
	Bp	Ba	Br	Ba	Bm	Be	Bc	Bi	Ba	Bn					
	Rp	Ra	Rr	Ra	Rm	Re	Rc	Ri	Ra	Rn					
	Ep	Ea	Er	Ea	Em	Ee	Ec	Ei	Ea	En					
	Tp	Ta	Tr	Ta	Tm	Te	Tc	Ti	Ta	Tn					
	Fp	Fa	Fr	Fa	Fm	Fe	Fc	Fi	Fa	Fn					
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ApX10 <sup>19</sup> +(Aa+Fp)10 <sup>18</sup> +(Ar+Fa+Tp)10 <sup>17</sup> +(Aa+Fr+Ta+Ep)10 <sup>16</sup> +(Am+Fa+Tr+Ea+Rp)10 <sup>15</sup> +(Ae+Fm+Ta+Er+Ra+Bp)10 <sup>14</sup> +(Ac+Fe+Tm+Ea+Rr+Ba+Op)10 <sup>13</sup> +(Ai+Fc+Te+Em+Ra+Br+Oa+Dp)10 <sup>12</sup> +(Aa+Fi+Tc+Ee+Rm+Ba+Or+Da+Ip)10 <sup>11</sup> +(An+Fa+Ti+Ec+Re+Bm+Oa+Dr+Ia+Ep)10 <sup>10</sup> +(Fn+Ta+Ei+Rc+Be+Om+Da+Ir+Ea+Sp)10 <sup>9</sup> +(Tn+Ea+Ri+Bc+Oe+Dm+Ia+Er+Sa)10 <sup>8</sup> +(En+Ra+Bi+Oc+De+Im+Ea+Sr)10 <sup>7</sup> +(Rn+Ba+Oi+Dc+Ie+Em+Sa)10 <sup>6</sup> +(Bn+Oa+Di+Ic+Ee+Sm)10 <sup>5</sup> +(On+Da+Ii+Ec+Se)10 <sup>4</sup> +(Dn+Ia+Ei+Sc)10 <sup>3</sup> +(In+Ea+Si)10 <sup>2</sup> +(En+Sa)10+Sn															

reproduction-multiplication of paramedian after-bodies. Dr. Flunk wanted to know how many paramedian after-bodies result from a single instance of their multiplication.

Using each letter only once, Dr.

Flunk permuted eleven paramedian after-bodies within a single instance of their multiplication. (If he'd used each letter more than once, I would have had to have done much more calculating and, besides, it

would have ruined my parody or whatever this is.)

Once he'd found that out he came to Wartburg, eager to repeat his findings as many times as theoretical scientific certainty would allow.

DR. FLUNK ably repeated his findings without realizing that I would be sitting in his imaginary audience, ready to "catch" my second ISU math professor on a "perhaps picky point."

SO, HERE I AM, sitting in that audience, writing this, my satire on mathematics profs' seemingly lackadaisical attitude toward languaging once outside the cold symbolisms and strict procedures of their discipline. Anyway, both Dr. Fink and Dr. Flunk left themselves open to my criticism. Criticize me if you like for basing that generalization on only the two instances--I don't care--I'm having fun.

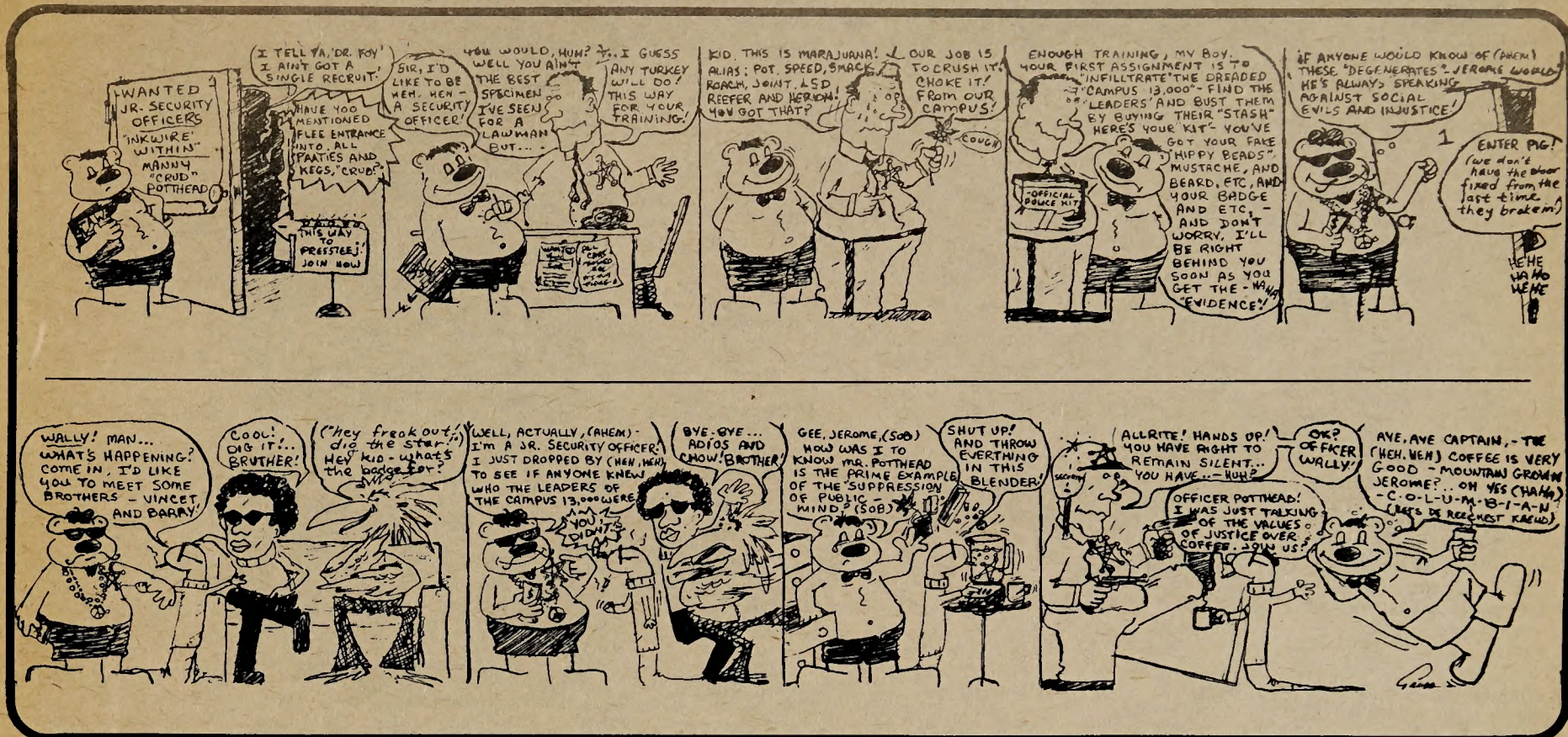
GETTING DOWN TO IT now, let me repeat, that using each letter only once, Dr. Flunk permuted eleven paramedian after-bodies within a single instance of the multiplication. The wording is important--I've found another one.

Check-out the term associated with ten to the tenth power. Another one.

The only reason I can get away with this is that I'm playing "God" by creating this situation--so why can't the singular form of "paramedian after-bodies" be "paramedian after-bodie?"

Well, there it is. I hope you're not too disappointed. What can you expect from an English major?





### Interview with Cannie Potter

## Potter enumerates on clarifications as head

Editor's note: The following interview has never been conducted, but that doesn't matter—an interview is an interview. This is, quite obviously, not an interview, then, in the strict sense of the word since the Strumpet staff writer who wrote the questions knew he'd never have to ask them of "Bud" Potter. That same staff writer wrote the answers, too, making a taped interview out of the question. The Strumpet editorial board did go over (in some detail) each answer, and found them quite a put-on when compared to those of the interview in the April 5 Strumpet. Either that or Mr. Potter's answers of the latter were.

In its entirety, the interview:

**STRUMPET:** Under whose direct authority does the Security Office operate?

**POTTER:** What?

**STRUMPET:** How many persons make up the Security staff?

**POTTER:** What?

**STRUMPET:** What are your duties as head security officer?

**POTTER:** Staff supervisor, investigator and coordinator in all affairs dealing with anything, part-time maintenance over breaks, clean-up helper in the kitchen, I've even beat chalkboard erasers against the northeast corner of Luther Hall.

**STRUMPET:** What?

**POTTER:** You know, the best time to do that is during the heat of the day when there's only a slight breeze. That way you can stand so as not to get all chalked-up.

**STRUMPET:** Ah, okay. Uh, are your maintenance duties separate from or included in the job of chief security officer?

**POTTER:** Yes, they are.

**STRUMPET:** What is a typical



Bud Potter: "What?"

day in the Security Office like?

**POTTER:** Morning starts when the sun rises and then a little later the campus comes alive and that's really when I'm needed. That's when I (1) compile reports of events, (2) issue visitor passes, (3) receive reports of lost keys, stolen property, and of anyone anyone suspects of being connected with drugs, (4) make keys, (5) try (usually in vain) to satisfy parking complaints, and (6) investigate any of the many, many unsolved cases we've accumulated this year.

**STRUMPET:** What are the hours of the Security Office? Does it maintain a 24-hour vigil over the campus, or do you think that, for security reasons, you shouldn't answer that?

**POTTER:** No, no. I don't think so.

(discomfiting pause)

**STRUMPET:** Okay. What do you feel is the role of Security on the Wartburg campus?

**POTTER:** I think I've stated that for the most part about three times a week during each of the past eight or nine weeks, but I

think of the Security Office more as a ground safety office than as an office of law and order. We are a reporting agency designed to function in the best interest.

**STRUMPET:** What are the legal limitations of the Security Office? For example, can security officers make arrest on campus?

**POTTER:** Not that I know of.

**STRUMPET:** What is the Security Office's relationship to the Waverly Police Department?

**POTTER:** Nothing physical.

**STRUMPET:** What's with the sudden crack-down on parking regulations? What constitutes a violation of the campus parking regulations? In the average week, how much college money is pumped into Dale's DX as a result of their towing service?

**POTTER:** I'm sorry, but I don't have that information with me.

**STRUMPET:** What's there on campus to complain about to the Security Office?

**POTTER:** Oh, anything from parking, rape, arson, shooting off fire-arms within the city limits, theft, individuals suspected of having anything to do with drugs, peeping individuals, backed-up toilets—you name it—we get it.

**STRUMPET:** How does the Security Office go about combating crime?

**POTTER:** What?

**STRUMPET:** Is vandalism increasing on the Wartburg campus in comparison to the last several years?

**POTTER:** How should I know—this is my first year here.

**STRUMPET:** What are the major types of vandalism now plaguing the campus?

**POTTER:** Theft of major appliances, TV sets and cars, tripping fire alarms, discharging extinguishers and returning

stolen wallets but keeping the \$42 that was contained within them.

**STRUMPET:** Have the college's flags which were stolen last term been found yet? Do you expect that they will be located?

**POTTER:** No, they haven't and, no, I don't.

**STRUMPET:** Why not, why not?

**POTTER:** Because, because.

**STRUMPET:** Has the identity of the individual(s) responsible for the mailroom fire been determined?

**POTTER:** I haven't heard anything.

**STRUMPET:** Is the case closed, or is the Security Office still looking for the culprit(s)?

**POTTER:** My higher-ups have said that it's being investigated—something to do with a "State Fire Marshall."

**STRUMPET:** What are your views on the use of alcohol by students on campus and how does the Security Office contend with uncontrolled alcohol abuse?

**POTTER:** The use of alcohol by students is none of my business, but the damages or misconduct resulting from the consumption of the poison must be reported. We are a reporting office.

**STRUMPET:** What are your views on the use of marijuana by students?

**POTTER:** It's against the law, plain and simple. This is a no-if's-and's-or-but's-about-it thing. I won't compromise with a criminal.

**STRUMPET:** Is marijuana usage a (1) crisis, (2) problem, or (3) bummer?

**POTTER:** It's none of the above. It's communism.

**STRUMPET:** Do you feel that the Campus Hearing Board's verdict in the "Clinton 13" case was fair and equitable? (Three of

the thirteen were given a "talking to," and ten were martyred to the tune of \$35 fines and social probation. The Campus Appeals Board later dropped the cases of eight who appealed to reason.)

**POTTER:** What is fair to an individual like myself and what is fair to a "user" are two different things. No, I don't think the Board was fair, not fair at all to the hundreds, yes, hundreds, of students who are forced to go to college with "users."

**STRUMPET:** What is the current policy of the Security Office in regard to the use of marijuana by Wartburg students? For example, will more senseless raids be staged by the Security Office if there is evidence that individuals are connected with drugs?

**POTTER:** Can't I get it thru anybody's head—this is a reporting office, not a police force.

**STRUMPET:** Do you have any problems with hard drug cases such as those dealing with hard drugs like heroin, cocaine, or amphetamines?

**POTTER:** I have no problem reporting them, no.

**STRUMPET:** What was your role in the Wiederanders situation that resulted in 16 of the residents being dismissed without the coaching staff being consulted?

**POTTER:** Only as a reporting agency. This office provided a list of damages noted on one of my routine spot checks.

**STRUMPET:** Do you feel that the Campus Hearing Board's verdict in the Wiederanders case was fair and equitable or do you think that it's a bunch of b.s.?

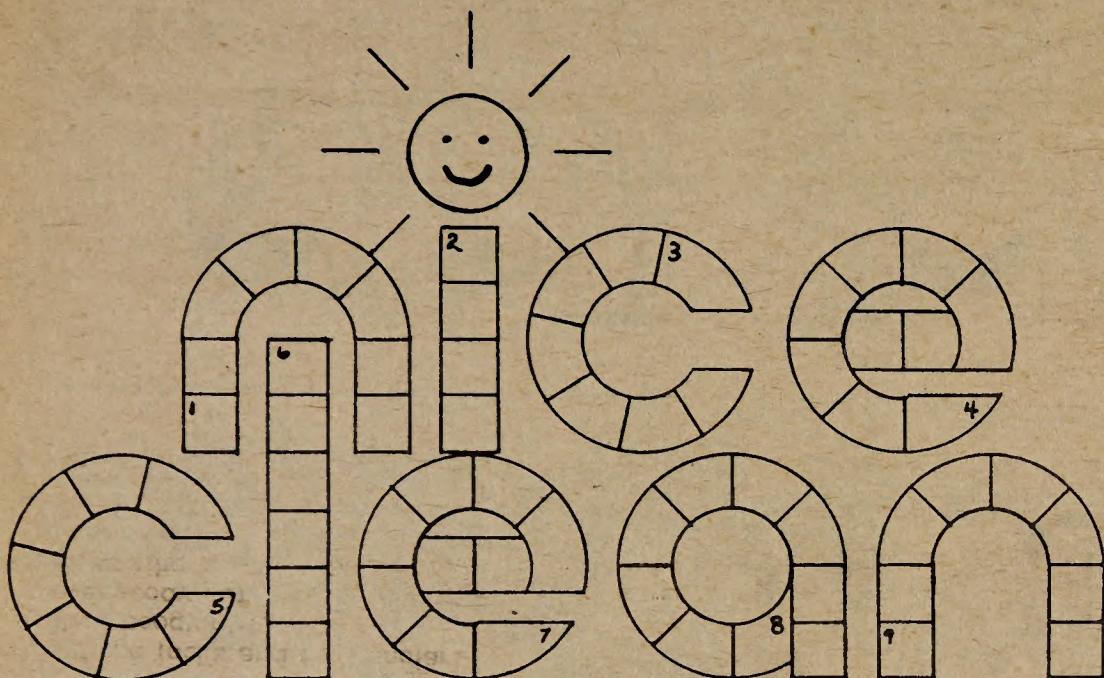
**POTTER:** Yes.

**STRUMPET:** Thank you.

**POTTER:** What?



# Nice, Clean Crossword Puzzle



- |                                    |                                      |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1) something you should plan for   | 6) a place you should want to go     |
| 2) something you should have       | 7) two things you should have in you |
| 3) something you should be         | 8) none of the above                 |
| 4) something else you should be    | 9) b.s.                              |
| 5) something you should believe in |                                      |

C'mon babies, take these tips:  
toss your clothes, and swing your hips,  
get into gear for skinny-dips--  
we're streakin' through the Streaker's Mall.

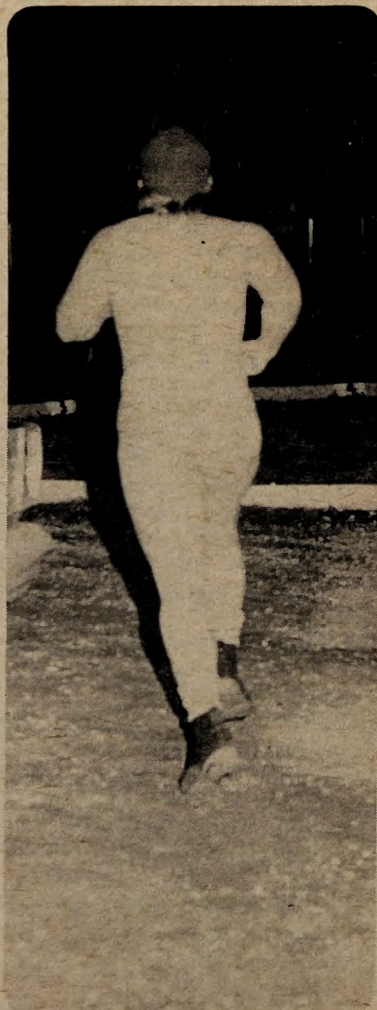
Blow your whistle, bang your gong,  
strut by proudly and sing your song;  
feels so good it must be wrong,  
streakin' through the Streaker's Mall.

All the jocks and the scholars  
they boogeyin' together,  
everybody out in all kinds  
of weather;  
the crowds of Jesus People and the  
atheists, too,  
screamin' "Follow Me!" and  
"Go get screwed!"  
Campus cops streakin' down the junkies,  
all the Straights streakin' 'mid the Funkies;  
'cross the lawn, and in the halls,  
streakin' through the Streaker's Mall.

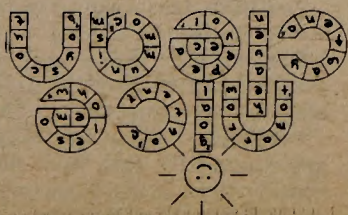
Pre-meds, Chrysali, uns and coloreds,  
hardhats, longhairs pacin' one 'nother;  
strip my body down to nothin',  
I'll go streakin' through the Streaker's Mall.

So grab a mask, and join the line,  
I'll kiss yours if you'll kiss mine,  
I'll be streakin' til I go blind,  
streakin' through the Streaker's Mall.

Black ones, white ones,  
yellow and red ones,  
necropheliacs streakin' toward dead ones,  
the greatest of the saviors and the  
losers, too,  
screamin' "I've been saved!" and  
"I've been screwed!"  
Everybody ballin' in batches,  
each tryin' hard to make some catches,  
I'm gonna itch me where it scratches,  
streakin' through the Streaker's Mall, y'all,  
streakin' through the Streaker's Mall.



## Nice, Clean Answers



This is Hermie when we first found him--victim of the world's problems, confused, hungry, and wandering the hills of Yugoslavia. A lost case? We didn't think so. We took a look at Hermie and saw the glimmer of hope in his eyes, a glimmer searching for that one chance to put his abilities to work. And we gave him that very chance. We helped Hermie to change and grow. After dignifying his name and giving him acceptable clothing and a haircut, we set aside what Herr Hermie likes to call a "resonating experience" (and what we like to call "Chrysalis"). Herr Hermie was placed second-in-command (because we know he'll strive even harder for perfection) in the processing of approximately 100 brains per year. His task lies in "resonating" with all that gray matter--the beginning of a chain of "resonation" we hope will sweep the nation. And we think something's being accomplished. We're proud of Herr Hermie and of what he's teaching our students: respect, the importance of immaculateness, the never-ending quest for abstraction, and the true meaning and relevance of "Resonance." That scrawny mountain boy who for so long roamed in search of abstraction, the dear genius, has found his way to the top (almost) of Wartburg Hall, found his nameplate, and his desk chair.

Hermie's vast experience in finding himself has been committed to print meticulously by the German philosopher and liar, Frederick Siegfried von Nitch, in his diminutive magnum opus *Also Sprach Hermathustra*. The section describing the key to his development is herewith reproduced:

Having attained the age of 127 years, 4 months, Hermathustra left his home and the plastic kiddie's swimming pool in the back of his home and trucked off to Berkeley. Then he rejoiced in the spirit and his loneliness, and for ten years did not grow weary of it, in spite of the fact that he hadn't gotten around to registering yet. But at last his stomach turned--one morning he got up with the dawn and stepped into the presence of the Knight and thus spake unto him: "Thou great Wart! What would be thy happiness were it not for those for whom thou resonatest?? For ten years thou hast come up here to my cave and hast seen me in all my streaking splendor. Lo! I grow weary of my wisdom, like the administrator who has collected too much money; I need hands reaching out for it. Let me work with Briner and Chrysalis and once more will Hermathustra become a man." Thus Hermathustra's going down began, but to the dismay of about a hundred students of the Great Wart, he is not down far enough yet . . .

## HOW ABOUT YOU?

How about YOU, high school senior? If you are fond of resonance, good vibes--whatever you want to call it--maybe by discovering Chrysalis the change in you will do your soul as much good as discovering Chrysalis has done for Herr Hermie. Why not invest today? Just write: "Resonation," Wartburg College, Waverly, IA 50677.